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The War song book

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THE [ONE PENNY,

WAR SONG BOOK,

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING SONGS, WITH AN APPROPRIATE TOAST TO EACH.

CONTENTS.

The Allies Triumphant.
Naval Victories.
The British Grenadiers.
The Battle of the Baltic.
The Battle of the Alma.
Hearts of Oak.
Come if you Dare.
The Battle and the Breeze.
Then follow Brave Boys to the Wars.
The Wooden Walls of Old England.
The Death of Abercrombie.
The Signal to Engage.
England's Queen and England's Glory.
Stand to your Guns.
The Battle Flag of England.
The Girl I left behind me.
The Martial Airs of England.
The Russians won't Come Out.
The Death of the Brave.
The Origin of Gunpowder.
Soldier's Chorus.
The Tars who've Leathered the World.
Blue Bonnets over the Border.
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A National Song.
Ben Block.
St. George's Red Cross Flag.
Tars and Soldiers.
The Soldier's Dream.
The Land, Boys, we Live in.
Upon the Plains of Flanders.
I sailed in the Terrible.
Marseilles Hymn.
Delight of the Brave.
The Arethusa.
The Soldier knows that every Ball
Harry Bluff.
The Soldier Tired.
The Conquering Hero.
The Death of Nelson.
The Light Cavalry Charge.
Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean

The Allies Triumphant.

Success to the Armies of England, France, and Turkey.

RECITATIVE.

Hark! hark! what joyous shouts salute the sky,
While exultation beams in ev'ry eye!
'Tis Vict'rys voice—again we've struck the blow—
We've fought—we've conquer'd the perfidious foe.
When Raglan met them on the stony way,
And show'd the Russians English play;
The French, leagued with our faithful bands,
Now spread destruction over distant lands;
The enemy brave Arnaud meets—his thunder pours,
They strike—huzza!— the day is proudly ours;
And while she heaves a sigh for fav'rites slain,
Britannia speaks in most persuasive strain;—

AIR.

"Fight on, fight on, my valiant sons,
Still sov'reigns of the main;
And let the lightning of your guns
Your country's cause maintain.
No more shall Faction rear her head
To blast your honest fame,
For envious foes must ever dread
A British Soldier's name.

"Your worth shall ev'ry Briton own,
And all your merits prize;
See honours issuing from the throne,
Like grateful incense rise.
Each gen'rous bosom warmly glows,
And God-like boons impart,—
To soothe the tender orphan's woes,
And cheer the widow's heart."

CHORUS.

Then Britons be loyal, and joyfully sing,
Success to Old England, and God save the Queen!

Naval Victories.—C. DIBDIN.

May our enemies be pickled in the brine that preserves Old England.

Why I'm singing about the Dutch and Spanish bravada,
And going to give you each regular date,
Since the year that we conquer'd the famous Armada,
Which happen'd fifteen hundred and eighty-eight.
Queen Elizabeth, bless the old girl, we placed ready,
If they landed, to show 'em some true English sport;
But their whiskers were sing'd by bold Drake, brave and steady,
Just to save them a licking at Tilbury Fort.

Then hurrah for the tars of Old England so free,

The pride of the world, and the lords of the sea.
The pride of the world, and the lords of the sea.

In June, ninety-five, brave Cornwallis did service,
So did Bridport, and all on't was done in a week.
But Valentine's day the next year, and great Jervis,
No pen can describe, nor no lingo can speak.
Yet October the 'leventh, same year, for hard fighting,
Was the best brush of all; when from Camperdown's shore,
Brave Duncan, so nobly Dutch treachery requiting,
Brought their fleet to an anchor all snug at the Nore.
Then hurrah, &c.

But as if English tars, on their country and station,
Were determined still honour on honour to pile;
Ninety-eight, first of August, astonish'd the nation,
By the wonders bold Nelson perform'd at the Nile.
But, lord, how I talk, ain't the nation bestowing
A pillar to tell about tars and their lives?
And 'tis gloriously done, for to them 'tis all owing,
That we've laws and religion, and children and wives.
Then hurrah, &c.

The British Grenadiers.

May English fortitude and courage ever mock at danger.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity, ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal:
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British Grenadiers.

Then Jove the God of thunder, and Mars the god of war,
Brave Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
Behold with admiration, the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades,
We throw them from the glacis, about the Frenchmen's ears,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British grenadiers,

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry huzza, boys; here comes a Grenadier;
Here comes the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Then sing tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry cups and pouches, and wear the looped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British Grenadiers.

The Battle of the Baltic.

T. Campbell.

May every British seamen fight bravely, and be rewarded honourably.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,

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WARSY

When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path;
There was silence deep, as deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between:
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when
each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail:
Or in conflagration pale,
Like the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield proud foe thy fleet,
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By the wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
grave;
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the Brave.

The Battle of the Alma.

A Paraphrase of Campell's Battle of Hohenlinden.

To the memory of all brave soldiers who fall in defence of their country.

The Crimea saw a fearful sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet sound array'd
Each soldier drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And volleying like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where fiery French and Englishmen,
Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Britain! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Hearts of Oak.—D. Garrick.

Music by Dr. Arne.

May our seamen, from the Captain to the Cabin-boy, be like our ships, Hearts of Oak.

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships,
Gallant tars are our men;
We always are ready:
Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade these terrible foes!
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea;
Her standard is Justice—the watchword, "Be free!"
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing,
"Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king."
Hearts of oak, &c.

Come, if you Dare.—Purcell.

May the British thunder to the enemies of our country, appear as dreadful as the bolts of Jove.

"Come, if you dare!" our trumpets sound,
"Come, if you dare!" the foes rebound;
"We come, we come."
Says the double beat of the thund'ring drum:
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again.
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound—
They fly! they fly!
"Victoria! Victoria!" the bold Britons cry.
Now the victory's won.
To the plunder we run;
Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquished invaders.

The Battle & the Breeze.

The flag of England—may it ever brave the battle and the breeze.

To Britain's glorious walls of oak
Fill high the patriot glass!
To all who spurn oppression's yoke
Round let the goblet pass.
And, lo, where Freedom's flag appears
Queen of the subject seas—
The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.

O'er many a scene of purple war,
From India's cocoa bowers,
Has victory's banner beam'd afar,
To Sar'gossa's towers.
Nor least where her proud flag she rears
High o'er her subject seas—
The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.

And now to England's walls of oak
The blushing bumper drain;
And spurning stern oppression's yoke,
We'll add "The Mighty Main."
For, lo, where Freedom's flag appears,
Borne o'er the subject seas—
The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!

Then follow, Brave Boys, to the Wars.—H. Purcell.

May the laurels of the English army command universal respect.

Genius of England, from thy pleasant bower of bliss arise,
And spread thy sacred wings,
Guard from foes the British state, thou on whose smiles
Does wait, the uncertain happy fate of monarchies and kings.
Then follow, brave boys,
Then follow, brave boys, to the wars.

Then follow, brave boys, to the wars,
The laurel you know is the prize,
Who brings home the noblest scars,
Looks finest in Celia's eyes.
Then shake off the slothful ease,
Let glory inspire your hearts,
Remember a soldier in war and peace,
Is the noblest of all other arts.

The Wooden Walls of Old England.

Old England's wooden walls.

When the despots of France felt a wish to invade
The island that Freedom has long called her own,
The impulse of honour each Britain obeyed,
Determined to fight for country and crown!
Then circled by fleets she has nothing to fear,
While no civil commotion her people dissever,
This adage remains, every Britain to cheer,
The tough Wooden Walls of Old England for ever!

Then a health to the fleets which our island surround,
Success to their admirals, courageously brave;
With their actions of valour the heavens resound,
The deeds of our navy our country to save;
Approbation this toast from each Briton must meet,
Prosper well every Englishman's loyal endeavours—
May God save the Queen, her army and fleet,
The tough Wooden Walls of Old England for ever.

Death of Abercrombie.

To the memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie; and may the laurels which Scotland gained when he fell, bloom to the latest ages, untarnished by any of her future warriors.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas on the spot, in ancient lore oft named,
Where Isis and Osiris once held sway,
O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride;
But now for British valour far more famed,
Since Nelson's band achieved a glorious day,
And, crowned with laurel, Abercrombie died.

AIR.

Her roseat colours the dawn had not shed
O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red;
'Twas dark, save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
When the brave Abercrombie received his death wound.
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

With a mind unsubdued, still the foe he defied,
On the steed which the hero of Acre supplied;
Till, feeling he soon to fate's summons must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield;
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Albion with victory crown'd,
Waved over his head as he sunk on the ground;
"Take me hence, my brave comrades," the veteran did cry—
"My duty's complete, and contented I die."

The Signal to Engage.

C. Dibdin.

May the Army and Navy of Great Britain ever maintain their superiority as hitherto with honour to themselves and their country.

The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo;

Be one and all but firm like me,
And conquest soon will follow.
You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand—
Thus, thus, boys! steady, steady,
Till right ahead you see the land,
Then, soon as we are ready,
The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look out, dy'e hear!
'Tis for Old England's honour;
Just as you brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her,
The signal, &c.

All hands then, lads, the ship to clear;
Load all your guns and mortars;
Silent as death the attack prepare;
And, when you're all at quarters,
The signal, &c.

England's Queen and England's Glory.

May the interests of the Queen and Kingdom never be thought distinct.

The trumpet sounds, the valiant troops are form'd,
Behold the British colours proudly waiving;
With martial ardour ev'ry soldier's warm'd
For fight, for vict'ry, ev'ry bosom's heaving

Firm as the rock that mocks the roaring wind,
Resolv'd to die, or live in fame's bright story,
The heroes stand, in phalanx bold combin'd,
To fight for England's Queen and England's glory.

With conquest flush'd the imperious Russ
Denounces vengeance on our happy nation;
But courage Britons, should they dare advance,
They'll find on shore, each soldier at his station.
The vig'rous charge, the well-directed fire,
With thoughts of Nelson's, Egypt's glorious story,
Will ev'ry British warrior's heart inspire,
To fight for England's Queen and England's glory.

Rouse, Britons, rouse, support the glorious cause,
Think, 'tis your wives, your children, you're defending;
Protect your Queen, your altars, freedom, laws,
On unanimity your fate's depending.
The brave who fall, amidst a host of foes,
Conjoin'd with Wolfe's, with Abercrombie's story,
Shall live eternal, in the hearts of those
Who fight for England's Queen and England's glory.

Stand to your Guns.—Shield.

May no true son of Neptune ever flinch from his gun.

Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak!
Let not a word on board be spoke,
Victory soon will crown the joke—
Be silent and be ready.
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
Let us be sure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell!
Be steady, boys, be steady!

Not yet, nor yet, nor yet—reserve your fire,
I do desire—fire!
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods, amazed, behold the battle:
A broadside, my boys!
See the blood in purple tide
Trickle down her batter'd side!
Winged with fate the bullets fly
Conquer boys, or bravely die.
Hurl destruction on your foes—
She sinks—huzza!
To the bottom, does she goes!

The Battle Flag of England.

The Queen, and may she always live in the hearts of her subjects.

The battle flag of England!
Rides proudly on the breeze,
And tells its tale of victory,
O'er earth's remotest seas;
There's not a clime but where't has wav'd
O'er those who've bled and won,
And on Britannia's battle flag

Ne'er sets the golden sun,
There's not a clime, &c.

The battle flag of England!
Who may its might rehearse?
That conquest-beaming gonfalon,
That spans the universe?
O heaven decree, till time no more,
That flag may fly unfurl'd;
In peace—to glad its island home,
In war—to rule the world.
O heaven, &c.

The battle flag of England!
What gallant British breast
E'er thinks upon its victories,
With pulses all at rest.
What man that worships chivalry,
And has fought o'er valour's grave,
Can coldly lift his eyes to thee,
Thou banner of the brave!
What man, &c.

The battle flag of England
May call the world its own,
O'er earth and sea's immensity
Unconquer'd it has flown—
It has flown where fiercely rose our shout—
The shout that dooms to death—
It has flown where meek-eyed mercy sued,
With supplicated breath.
It has flown, &c.

The mightiest of all flags, unstain'd,
By aught save foeman's blood;
Thou stream'st above the fearless ones,
Who fight on field and flood.
Sons of the sword! 'tis ever thine,
Fame's reddest wreath to gleam,
Who live, to guard Victoria's throne,
Or perish for their Queen!
Sons of the sword, &c.

Up Englishmen! up Englishmen!
And peal from out your hearts,
Loud thunder cheers, whilst every eye
Its loyal lightning darts:
Here's health, content, enduring bliss!
A long, long glorious reign,
To her who's sovereign of that flag,
The monarch of the main!
Here's health, &c.

The Girl I left behind Me.

May the favour of the fair ensure fairness in fight.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills
And o'er the moors that tire me,
With heavy thoughts my heart o'erfills
Since I parted with my Betsy.
In search of some one fine and gay
None could ever bind me,
And I think on the hours I pass'd away
With the girl I left behind me.

Those hours I remember well
When recollection moves me,
A pain within my breast I feel
Since first she own'd to love me;
But now I'm going to Britain's camp,
I pray kind heaven, now guide me,
And send me safely home again
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair, her ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, and carriage chaste,
Left me, poor soul, repining;
But let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy,
I will return safe back again
To the girl I left behind me.

When I am standing on parade,
Either asleep or waking,
I long to see my love again,
For her my heart is breaking.
So now I'm going to Britain's camp,
I pray kind heaven now guide me,
And send me safely home again
To the girl I left behind me.

The Martial Airs of England.

May the man who deserts his banner, be disgraced by the traitor's name.

The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth,
And roll back to their cradle
Around a planet's girth;
Her morning drum-beat follows
The sun is his career,
Keeps pace with all the hours—
Shall then her children fear?

No! by the swords of Crecy—
Each cloth-yard shaft that flew
Our weapons may be alter'd;
Our hearts are still as true.

Then cease each canting traitor;
Be Britain's flag unfurl'd,
Again to bid, if needed,
Defiance to the world.

The Russians won't come Out.

Written by a seaman on board the Cressy,
The tar that sticks like pitch to his duty.

What can we luckless sailors do?
No fun come to our share;
The enemy keeps out of view—
To meet us they wont dare!
In vain our pennants fly so gay,
Our cruisers roam about,
We might as well in Portsmouth lay—
The Russians won't come out!

In Helsingfors they lay quite close;
'Neath Cronstadt mole they crowd;
They'll not come and meet the foes
Whom once they dared so loud.
Like to some worn-out batter'd hulk
Each gallant ship so stout
Behind the batteries does skulk—
The cowards won't come out!

The Arrogant and Hecla too,
Gave them a lesson rough;
Tho' fighting to our lads was new
They proved both smart and tough.
They strewed the ground with soldiers gay,
Their batteries knocked about,
And brought their merchant ships away,
Yet still they won't come out!

While in the Baltic we deplore
Our idle time at sea,
Our comrades on the Turkish shore
Are as badly off as we.
Though many ships they've made their own,
Ta'en many a strong redoubt,
And batter'd half Odessa down,
The Russians won't come out!

That mighty man, Prince Menschikoff,
In harbour still does lie,
And at the Allied Fleets does scoff
As they are sailing by.
"Don't think," says he, "that I'm a fool,
"A valiant headstrong lout,
I'm safe and snug in Sebastopol,
And be hanged if I'll come out."

Oh! would they but their anchors weigh
And boldly put to sea,
With joy to see a sight so gay
How full each heart would be.
But oh! such wishes are in vain:
They know, there's little doubt,
They never would get in again
If once they venture out.

The Death of the Brave.

Arranged as a Glee by Dr. Cooke.
The truly brave and truly good.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

The Origin of Gunpowder.

C. Dibdin.—Music by J. Braham.
Grapeshot to our friends, and chainshot to our enemies.

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
In Etna's roaring glow,
Neptune petitioned he might prove
Their use and power below;
But finding in the boundless deep
Their thunders did but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the glorious right;
And when through circling flame
She darts her thunder in the fight,
May justice guide her aim!
And when opposed in future wars,
Her soldiers brave, and gallant tars,
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land.

Soldier's Chorus.

All those who have fought and bled for Great Britain.

Hark, hark, the trumpet loudly brays!
Soldiers arm! your country calls!

Soldiers, strike! a deathless name
His who for his country falls!
Loud the call, and promptly brave,
On, on, they march—a stedfast band—
Fierce the strife, and thousands bleed,
And bleeding strike for Fatherland!
Loud the call, and promptly brave,
On, on, they march a stedfast band—
Fierce the strife, and thousands bleed,
Bleeding! bleeding! strike for our Fatherland.

Joy, joy! the battle's nobly won;
See upon the dreadful plain,
Soldiers dying think of home,
Home they ne'er shall see again;
"Help them, England!" loud they cry;
And grasping still each broken brand,
The dying heroes, trusting, leave
Their homes to God and Fatherland.
Loud the call, &c.

Vain, vain is not the soldier's prayer;
Thousands hear, and thousands give,
Thousands weeping, with a smile
Bid the lonely hearted live!
Sweet the tear, and sweet the voice,
And sweeter still the giving hand!
Bless, God bless, the noble men,
Who die for faith and Fatherland;
Loud the call, &c.

The Tars who've Leather'd the World.

The foe well tarred, and the tars well feathered.

What matter your ditties, your jokes and narrations,
Of lawyers and doctors still making your game,
With your gallipots, parchments, and clients and patients,
And all such cantankerous stuff as that same;
In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
I'd sing, and long life to the lads, and all such,
Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,
In banging the Spaniards, the French, and the Dutch.
And sing fillalo snallillo clitheroo whack,
Let an enemy come, and we'll trundle him back,
While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
He may go to the devil and shake himself.

Didn't Frenchmen, one June, to our lads cry peccavi,
Lord Howe he did pelt 'em thro' thunder and smoke,
With British hard dumplings without any gravy.
Till Mounseer no longer could relish the joke;
And then didn't Jervis the Spaniards beleather?
Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,
To show we can beat them all three both together,
As fast as he pleases to put up his nob.
And sing, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores, would soon tell us,
If it had but a tongue, and would speak what was just,
How it carried to glory our brave honest fellows,
How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust;
And now to be building on land you'd be after
Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
While they have built one for themselves on the water,
The devil himself could'nt move from its place.
And sing, &c.

Blue Bonnets over the Border.

Sir Walter Scott.

The Highlanders, and may they always sustain their ancient renown.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border.
Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.

Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your Queen, and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe:
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order:
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border!

Every Bullet has its Billet.

May our sailors for ever prove lords of the main.

I'm a tough true-hearted sailor,
Careless and all that, d'ye see,
Never at the times a railer—
What is time or tide or me;
All must die when fate shall will it,
Providence ordains it so:
Every bullet has its billet,—
Man the boat, boys—yeo, heave yeo!

"Life's at best a sea of trouble,
He who fears it is a dunce;
Death's to me an empty bubble,
I can never die but once.
Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it;
Yet I have a tear for woe:"
Every bullet has its billet,—
Man the boat, boys—yeo, heave yeo!

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
Celebrates the falling brave;
Oh, how many famed in story,
Sleep below in ocean's cave!
Bring the can, boys—let us fill it;
Shall ye shun the fight? Oh, no!
Every bullet has its billet,—
Man the boat, boys—yeo, heave yeo.

A National Song.—C. Dibdin.

May the army of Great Britain never feel dismayed at its enemies.

Come Britannia, shake thy lance;
Plume thyself in martial pride;
Haste! thy glorious shield advance;
Take again thy gallant stride.
Think, oh, think on all thy noble story!
Rouse thee! rouse thee to thy ancient glory!
Hasten! hasten! hence away:
All thy martial ardour show;
Clad in terrible array,
Thou shalt vanquish every foe.
Think! oh think, &c.

Ben Block.—Collins.

May the tar who loses one eye in defence of his country, never see distress with the other.

Ben Block was a vet'ran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the Board still neglected his merits to crown,
As no interest he held with my lord.
Yet as brave as old Benbow, was sturdy old Ben,
And he'd laugh at the cannons' loud roar,
When the death-dealing broadside made worms' meat of men.
And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke,
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog;
For his biscuit he'd break, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog.
Thus year after year, in a subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled,
Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled;

When on humbly saluting, with sinciput bare,
A First Lord of the Admiralty once,
Quoth his lordship, "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair
Since I last had a peep at your sconce."
"Why my lord, replied Ben, "it with truth may be said,
While a bald pate I long have stood under,
There have so many captains walk'd over my head,
That to see me quite scalp'd 'twere no wonder."

St. George's Red Cross Flag.

May the enemy's flag be surmounted by the British Standard.

St. George's Red Cross Flag again,
Floats o'er the ocean wave;
The Flag that never flew in vain,
To conquer or to save,
No meaner cause than Truth and Right,
Hath sent our fleets afar;
Be theirs in Freedom's hallowed fight,
To crush the haughty Czar.

The Wallach, the Moldavian,
And Finland's seamen bold.
May hope the breaking of their chain,
Now that proud flag's unroll'd.
Our cannon, booming o'er the deep,
Shall set the nations free—
Terrific as a lion's leap,
Shall England's onset be.
The horrors of a Russian rule,
Sad Poland knows too well;
Her cup of bitterness, how full,
Her exiled children tell.
Kamschatka's bleak, horrific waste,
Siberia's wintry day,
Are emblems of their lot, who taste
A Czar's despotic sway.

Sons of Sea-kings of tameless mood,
Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes,
Our cause is yours—a mingled blood
Pours through our kindred veins.
Come, come, from stately Stockholm, then,
From Christiana come,
From sea-girdled Copenhagen,
Rouse to the Northern drum.

Now France and Britain, side by side,
Are comrades for the fray;
The Crescent sheds on Danube's tide
No pale declining ray.
No Moslem soil shall Russia win,
Save that which nature craves,
To heap her robber slaves within
Dishonourable graves.

As faithful shines the beacon tower
Along the stormy deep,
So our proud Flag in danger's hour,
Shall Freedom's vigil keep;
A star of hope the captive sees,
Grim tyrants look for loss,
When hostile hovers on the breeze,—
My country's glorious Cross!

St. George's Red Cross Flag again,
Floats o'er the ocean wave;
The flag that never flew in vain,
To conquer or to save.
No meaner cause than Truth and Right,
Hath sent our fleets afar;
Be theirs in Freedom's hallowed fight,
To crush the haughty Czar.

Tars and Soldiers.—A Duet.

Success to our army, success to our fleet;
And our foes be compelled to bend at our feet.

The hardy Tar no peril knows,
But fearless braves the angry deep;
His ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He, though the foaming billows swell,
In his hammock, in his hammock swings,
While the steersman sings,
All's well! Steady! Steady she goes!

The gallant Soldier danger scorns,
When duty calls to fields of war;
Encamp'd amid the rude alarms,
From his loved country wandering far.
'Tis glory bids his bosom swell,
As on the cold ground he lies;
When the nightwatch cries,
Who's there?—Good night! All's well!

Then, fill the cup, ere we part,
An honest one with all our heart!
And as we push the wine about, we'll cheerily sing,
By land and sea let Britons fight,
The world's example and delight, [Queen.
And conquer every enemy of our loved
Victoria proves the hero's friend,
Her bounty lasts us to our end:
Though crippled and laid up, with one foot in the grave.
Then, Tars and Soldiers, never fear;
You shall not want compassion's tear,
Misfortune ever claims the pity of the brave.

The Soldier's Dream.

T. Campbell,—Music by T. Attwood.

May the brave soldier, who never turned his back to the enemy, never have a friend turn his back on him.

Our bugles sung thrice, for the night-cloud had lower'd, [the sky,
And the sentinel-stars set their watch in

And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
'Twas Autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

They pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

The Land, Boys, we Live in.—W. Reeve.

May the tars of old England triumphantly sail,
And over its enemies ever prevail.

Since our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shores;
It behoves, us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
And though 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once more.
So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given—
Here's England for ever, the land, boys, we live in!
So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given—
Here's England for ever—huzza!

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging—
We'll on shipboard and join in the fight;
And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight:
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,
Long, long may our queen by her people be greeted;
Oh! to guard her we'll be of one mind.
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind!
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

Upon the Plains of Flanders.—T. Campbell.

Air, "The British Grenadiers."

The British Army — May its distinguishing characteristics always be fortitude in the hour of disaster, courage in the hour of danger, and mercy in the hour of victory.

Upon the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath old Marlborough;
And still in fields of conquest
Our valour bright has shone,
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore and Wellington.

Our plumes have waved in combats
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reel'd backward from our shot.
In charges with the bayonet,
We lead our bold compeers;
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For British Grenadiers.

Once boldly at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing fal lira, lira,
To cheer their drooping hearts.
But English, Scotch and Paddy-whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British Grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano's,
And Badajoz's town,
Where raging like volcanoes,
The shot and shell came down,
With courage never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

And what could Bonaparte,
With all his cuirassiers,
In battle do, at Waterloo,
With British Grenadiers?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British Grenadiers.

I sail'd in the Terrible Frigate.—C. Dibdin.

More hardships to Britain, and less to her enemies.

I sail'd in the Terrible Frigate—
A man at the masthead
Cried, "a sail!"—we no sooner did twig it,
Than each rag of canvas we spread:
She was double our force, we did not mind that—
She'd no more chance with us than a mouse with a cat:—
So she ran,
And we ran,
Nor lagg'd behind;
For the breeze was fair, and we spank'd 'fore the wind:
The engagement began at a famous size:
Many shot hit her hard, wind and water between,
Till the lubbers set fire to her magazine;
So just as we thought we had made her a prize,
After many a swab had the sea for his grave,
Out boats!—we turn'd to, the remainder, to save.
So, you see, if a-lee or a-weather,
Where'er the sailor goes,
We always, united together,
Can flog or succour foes;
For a British heart's in the right place
As we'er stout so we're merciful in the chase;—
So we steadily,
Readily,
Nobly, inclin'd,
Right astern, on the beam, or the quarter the wind,
They who need our compassion are surely in luck;
For, just as the fame of Old England demands,
We turn to, and cheerily pipe all hands,
Till our country's foes to the union have struck;—
So, in chasing the foe, we more glory can share,
Than your lubbers in chasing the fox or the hare,

Marseilles Hymn.

M. Delisle.

May the guardian angel of liberty overcome the demon of slavery.

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath,
March on! march on! all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.
Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous chiefs, confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose, are howling,

And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing
To arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! ye brave, &c.

O liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! ye brave, &c.

Delight of the Brave.

C. DIBDIN.

May every British soldier be above taking an advantage of a fallen enemy.

Say, soldier, which of glory's charms
That heroes' souls inflame,
Gives brightest lustre to their arms,
Or best insures their fame?
Is it her lion-mettled rage,
Let loose from ardour's den,
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men slaughter men?
Is it to a defenceless foe,
Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengeance? No!
The brave delight to spare;
'Tis clemency, pale misery's friend,
Foremost in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

Then on the wretch fall double shame
Who in foul slander loved,
Knows alone by murder's name,
The soldier by the sword;
As blessings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict cease,
The eagle brings the halycon home,
War courts the smiles of peace;
Yet he to higher merits vault
Who glory's track hath trod,
Great generous merit that exalts
A mortal to a god.
'Tis clemency, pale misery's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

The Arethusa.—W. SHIELD.

May the ensigns of the British Navy always prove the harbingers of dismay and defeat to their enemies, and of confidence and security to the allies of their country.

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza for the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave,
Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board the Arethusa!

'Twas with the Spring fleet she went out,
The English channel to cruise about,
When four French sails in shew so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seemed to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she launch;
Though the French laughed, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not our handful of men so tough,
On board the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa;
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, Ho!
The Frenchmen then cried out, Hallo!
Bear down, d'ye see,
No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be;—
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe on shore,
Never to fight with Britons more:
Let each fill his glass,
To his favourite lass,
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew—
On board of the Arethusa.

The Soldier knows that every Ball.

May the brave heart never want protection.

The soldier knows that every ball
A certain billet bears,
And whether doomed to rise or fall,
Dishonour's all he fears.
To serve his country is his plan,
Unawed or undismayed;
He fights her battles like a man,
And by her thanks he's paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,
By duty only driven;
And if he fall, his country knows,
For whom the blow was given.
Recorded on the front of day,
The warrior's deeds appear;
For him the poet breathes his lay,
The virgin sheds her tear.

Harry Bluff.

Nelson's hands—the Tars of Old England,

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land o'er the ocean to roam,
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
He was true British oak, boys, the older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands were so soft,
When the signal was given, he the first went aloft;
And veterans all cried, he'd one day lead the van,
For tho' rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood, promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace, or in war, Harry Bluff was his name;
So true to his love, and in battle so brave—
The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
For his country he fell when in victory crowned;
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around;
The foe thought he'd struck; but he sung out Avast!
And the colours of England he nailed to the mast;
Then he died like a true British sailor.

The Soldier Tir'd.—Dr. Arne.

A lasting peace, or an honourable war.

The soldier tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

The Conquering Hero.

Handel.

May myrtles crown him who has concluded—cypress he who would originate—an unnecessary war.

See the conquering hero comes
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance;
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
Myrtles wreathe, and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

The Death of Nelson.

S. J. Arnold.

The music by John Braham.

May the memory of the noble Nelson inspire every seaman to do his duty.

Recitative.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
Britania mourns her hero now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered by a nations, tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men,
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line this signal ran—
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;
Brave Nelson led the way;
His ship, the Victory named;
Long be that Victory famed!
For victory crown'd the day.
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty.
He cried as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England shall find that every man
This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound
Which shed dismay around,
The hero's breast received;
"Heav'n fights on our side;
The day's our own!" he cried:
"Now long enough I've lived,
In honour's cause my life was pass'd,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began;
England confess'd that every man,
That day had done his duty.

The Light Cavalry Charge.

By one of the survivors.

Cork to the heels, cash to the pockets, courage to the hearts, and concord to the heads, of all those who fight for Great Britain.

"What will they say in England,"
Old England our home,
When wing'd by Fame,
Each hero's name,
To fatherland shall come?
"What will they say in England,"
When told of battle won,
Won, as of old,
By sons as bold
As fought with Wellington?

"What will they say in England,"
To see with startled eye,
The list of slain
On hard-fought plain,
The cost of victory?
Oh, few will speak in England,
Of deeds by glory crowned,
For thoughts, too deep
For speech, will keep
A nation's spirit bound.
Yet thought will live in England!

Through time in fatherland
Thought, keeping there,
In memory's care,
Our little gallant band!
And ever in a Briton's land
Of home, and love, and beauty,
Each heart will glow
With pride to know
How well we did our duty.

Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean.

Success to our arms by sea and land.

O Britannia! the Pride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants to tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war spreads its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm—
With her garland of Victory around her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!